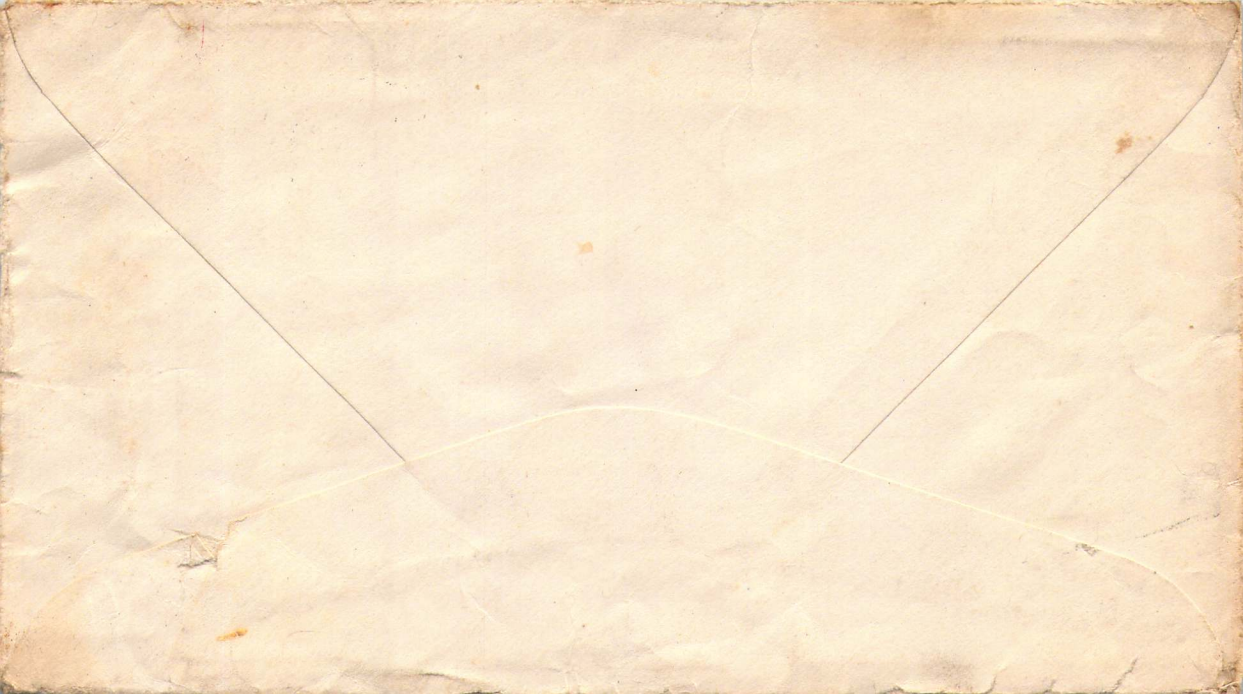


Box 153
Turtle Lake Wis.



Mrs. Jos. Lersz + family
10326 Joan Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio



Aug. 30, 1942

Dear Aunt Louise + family

I know you are all waiting to hear from us, but we just didn't get around to writing sooner. There are so many things to be done that it seems as though writing letters was just put off.

We received your letter + wish to thank you for the masses. Dad received around 60 dollars for masses + he had about 15 different sprays of flowers. So many of his friends from around here went together + bought sprays.

Dad passed away about 2:15 A.M. July 28th. He was in St. Lukes Hospital in St. Paul at the time. He had a stroke a week before he died and he never came out of it enough to know any of the family. It paralyzed his entire left side. We were all called down the day after he had the stroke because the doctors didn't expect him to last much longer. He wasn't sick long but suffered quite a bit while he was sick. It still is hard to believe he is gone. Seems as though he is only on a vacation. We certainly realize what you folks went through when Uncle Joe died. It's an awful thing to have them leave after they've been so close to one. Mother is taking it hard but there isn't much one

can do but pray for his poor soul.

You probably don't remember me. I'm the blonde. I work here in the creamery office so I'm home with mother. Marion, the youngest, is home too. It isn't quite as bad as if she would have to be alone.

Pherses isn't very good at all. She's getting weaker + weaker + mother said she looks bad.

Leo was home for the funeral but was only able to have a 10-day furlough. He could only stay two days because it took him so long to get back + forth. We received a cable gram from Al which was sent from Alaska. We're glad to hear he was still well, but he felt awful bad that he was unable to be present at Dad's funeral.

I guess there really isn't much if anything else to write so will close. Write + let us know how you folks ^{are} ~~are~~ ^{love}

Gladys, Mother + rest of the family

P.S. How's Jackie? Don't imagine he remembers me, but don't think I'll ever forget the time he was out here. It was quite a few years ago. We had lots of fun fooling around like kids will do. It must be about 6 or 7 years ago that he was here.